THE MIG - 15

The prettiest ship ---------- Down on the line
The MIG-15 flies fast and fine

When we go up ---------- and fly at noon
The MIG-15 leaps off the moon

On all our planes ---------- We paint Red Stars
For MIG-15's that land on Mars

We chase them up to forty-four
The Fox 86 ain't got much more

The throttles set ---------- up at full bore
We'll never catch that little whore

We're coming home ---------- And Casey calls
We're letting down, no sweat at all

We're calling in ---------- with 13 chicks
12 MIG-15's, one Fox 86

The moral of ---------- this story's clear
When you come home, just check your rear

Cause if you do ---------- I'm sure you'll find
There's TAKSAN MIG's, and they're right behind.

CAVIER

Cavier comes from the Virgin Sturgeon,
Virgin Sturgeon is a very fine fish,
Virgin Sturgeon needs no urgin'
That's why Cavier is my dish.

Shad Roe comes from scarlet Shad fish,
Shad fish have a very sorry fate,
Pregnant Shad fish is a sad fish,
Got that way without a mate.

Oysters, they are fishy bi-valves,
They have youngsters in their shell,
How they diddle is a riddle,
But they do - so what the hell.

The green sea turtle's mate is happy,
With her lover's winning ways,
First he grips her with his flippers,
Then he grips and flips for days.

Mrs. Clam is optimistic,
Shoots her eggs out in the sea,
Hopes her suitor is a shooter,
Hit the self same spot as she.

Give a thought to the happy Cod fish,
Always there when duty calls,
Female Cod fish is an odd fish,
From them come Cod Fish Balls.

The trout is just a little Salmon,
Just half grown and minus scales,
But the trout, just like the Salmon,
Can't get along without his tail.

Lucky fishes are the Ray fish,
When for youngsters they essay,
Yes, me hearties, they have parties,
In the good old fashioned way.

I fed Cavier to my girl friend
She was a virgin tried and true,
Now that virgin needs no urgin'
There ain't NOTHIN' she won't do.

HURRAH

Hurrah for --------
Hurrah at last
Hurrah for --------
He's a Horses ASS!

--------, -------- he's our man
Takes it out and beats it
Wipes it off and eats it
--------, -------- he's our man
He's the biggest Queer of all!

RING DING DO

One sunny day on Market Street
A pretty girl I chanced to meet
She said Hello, How do you do
Would you like a crack at my RING DING DO

She took me down into her cellar
She fed me wine and whiskey too
She told me I was a damn fine feller
And I took a crack at her RING DING DO

Now six months later she began to swell
She swelled and swelled til she looked like hell
She told her ma and her father too
That I took a crack at her RING DING DO

Her father said you filthy whore
You've gone and lost your maiden's lore
Pack up your bag and your nighty too
And make your living from your RING DING DO

So she went to the city to become a whore
She hung a sign upon her door
Five dollars now and nothing else will do
To take a crack at my RING DING DO

And the fellers came and the fellers went
And the price came down to fifteen cents
Fifteen cents and nothing else will do
To take a crack at my RING DING DO

And then one day a son of a bitch
He had the crabs and the jocky itch
He had the syph and diarrhea too
And he took a crack at her RING DING DO

So they buried her near the city hall
And they engraved upon the wall
She's learned her lesson and you should too
Stay away from the RING DING DO.

FIGHTER PILOTS

Oh there are no fighter pilots down in hell
Oh there are no fighter pilots down in hell
The place is full of queers, navigators, bombardiers
But there are no fighter pilots down in hell.

Oh there are no fighter pilots in the States
Oh there are no fighter pilots in the States
They are all on foreign shores making mothers out of whores
Oh there are no fighter pilots in the States

Oh there are no fighter pilots in the Fifth
Oh there are no fighter pilots in the Fifth
There is just a bunch of brass sitting around on its ass
Oh there are no fighter pilots up in Fifth

Oh there are no fighter pilots in Japan
Oh there are no fighter pilots in Japan
They are all across the bay getting shot at every day
Oh there are no fighter pilots in Japan

Oh there are no bomber jocks in our club
Oh there are no bomber jocks in our club
He doesn't drink his share of suds, all he does is flub his dub
Oh there are no bomber jocks in our club

Oh the bomber pilots life is just a farce
Oh the bomber pilots life is just a farce
With auto pilot on he's reading novels in the john
Oh the bomber pilots life is just a farce

Oh the bomber pilot never takes a dare
Oh the bomber pilot never takes a dare
His gyro's are uncaged and his woman overaged
Oh the bomber pilot never takes a dare

Oh its naughty, naughty, naughty but its nice
Oh its naughty, naughty, naughty but its nice
It'll wreck you reputation but increase the population
Oh its naughty, naughty, naughty but its nice

YOUNG PURSUITER

Beside the Guinea waterfall,
One bright and sunny day,
By the wreakage of his Sabre jet
A young pursuiter lay.
His parachute hung from a near-by tree,
He was not yet quite dead.
Now listen to the very last words,
This young pursuiter said.

I'm going to another land,
Where everything is bright,
Where whiskey flows from telegraph poles
And poker every night.
There's never anything to do,
But sit around and sing.
And all the crews are women---------
Oh death, where is thy sting?

Oh death where is thy sting, ting-a-ling?
Oh death where is thy sting?
The bells of Hell will ring-a-ling-a-ling
For you but not for me.

A YOUNG FIGHTER PILOT

A young fighter pilot lay dying,
The medics had left him for dead.
All around him women were crying,
And these were the words that he said:
Take that tail-pipe out of my stomach,
Take the burner out of my brain,
Take the turbine out of my kidney,
And assemble the unit again.

We are the boys who fly high in the sky
Bosom buddies while boozin'
We are the boys who they send out to die,
Bosom buddies while boozin'
Up in the Thirteenth they sing and they shout,
Talk about things they know nothing about.

We are the boys who fly high in the sky,
Bosom buddies while boozin'
Bosom buddies while boozin'

SALOME

Down our street, we had a merry party
Everyone there was Oh so gay and hearty
Talk about the whiskey at the

There was old uncle Joe fair fucked up
We locked him in the celler
With the old bull pup
Little Tommy Tucker trying to get it in
With his ass-hole winking at the moon

Oh Salome, Salome you should see my gal Salome
Standing there with her ass all bare
Every little wrinkle makes all the boys stare

Oh! Slide it and glide it right up her big black chute
Two brass balls, a kangaroo's knob
And a foreskin full of shit

She's a great big Son of a Bitch twice the size of me
Hair on her belly like the branches of a tree
She can run, jump, fight, fuck, wheel a barrow, drive a truck,
That's my girl Salome.

On Monday night she dresses up her crack
On Tuesday night she takes it on her back
On Wednesday night she takes it up her nose
On Thursday night in between her fingers, down between her toes
On Friday night she has a little spell
On Saturday night she fucks like HELL
And goes to church on Sunday.
Jesus wants me for a sunbeam and a fucking good sunbeam I'll be.

"O'REILLEY'S DAUGHTER"

As I was sitting at O'Reilly's bar
Listening to tales of blood and slaughter
Came a thought into my mind
Why not shag O'Reilly's daughter?

I grabbed that she bitch by the hair
Then I threw my left leg over
Shagged, shagged, and shagged some more
Shagged and shagged till the fun was over

There came a knock upon my door
Who should it be but her god-damn father
Two horse pistols by his side
Looking for a man who shagged his daughter

I grabbed that bastard by the hair
Shoved his head in a pail of water
Shoved those pistols up his ass
A damn sight farther than I shagged his daughter

As I go walking down the street
People shout from every corner
There's the dirty S. O. B.
The one that shagged O'Reilly's daughter.

CHORUS:

Fiddley-i-e, Fiddley-i-e-o
Fiddley-i-e for the one ball Reilly
Rubby dub dub-jig-balls and all
Rubby dub dub shag all

SING US ANOTHER ONE

There was a young man from Boston
Who traded his car for an Austin
There was room for his ass and a gallon of gas
And his balls hung out and he lost 'em.

That was a very fine song
Sing us another one just like the other one
Sing us another one --------

There was a young man from Kent
Whose dick was so long that it bent
To save himself trouble he stuck it in double
And instead of coming he went.

There was a young girl from France
Who caught a train by chance
The engineer fucked her and so did the conductor
But the brakeman shot off in his pants.

There was a young lady from Wheeling
Who wanted that wonderful feeling
She lay on her back and tickled her crack
And pissed all over the ceiling.

There was a young girl named Alice
Who used dynamite for a phallus
They found her vagina in North Carolina
And her ass on the outskirts of Dallas.

There was a young man from St. James
Who liked to play silly games
He set fire to the thatch on grandmother's snatch
And laughed while she pissed through the flames.

There was a man named McGruder
Who wooed a nude in Bermuda
Now the nude thought it crude to be wooed in the nude
But McGruder was cruder HE SCREWED HER

There was a young man from Dundee
Who buggered an ape in a tree
The results were most horrid, all ass and no forehead
Three balls and a purple goatee.

There was a young man named Adair
Who was fucking a girl on the stair
The bannister broke and by doubling his stroke
He finished her off in mid-air.

There was a young man from Nottingham
That stood on the bridge at Buckingham
Just watching the stunts of the cunts and the punts
And the tricks of the pricks that were fucking 'em.

There was a young man named Paul
Who had a mathematical ball
Now its critical weight plus his penis times eight
Was 4/5 of 4/8 of fuck all.

An Argentine gaucho named Bruno
Said fucking is one thing I do know
All women are fine, and sheep are d@vine
But llamas are number uno.

There was a young man from Bombay
Who fashioned a cunt out of clay
The heat of his prick turned the clay into brick
And rubbed all his foreskin away.

There was a young man from New Brighton
Who said: My dear you've a tight one
She said: 'Pon my soul, you have the wrong hole,
It's the one up in front that's the right one.

There was a man named McPash
Whose balls were made out of glass
When they jangled together they played "Stormy Weather"
And lightning shot out of his ass.

ONE LITTLE TEENSEY WEENSEY BOMB
(Tune: Battle Hymn of the Republic)

The B-17 will climb to 20,000 feet. (repeat twice)
But it'll only carry one teensey weensey little bomb

CHORUS:

But it'll only carry one teensey weensey little bomb.

The B-29 will climb to 30,000 feet, (repeat twice)
But it'll only carry one little teensey weensey bomb (CHORUS)

The B-36 will climb to 40,000 feet, (repeat twice)
But it'll only carry one little teensey weensey bomb. (CHORUS)

The B-86D will climb to 50,000 feet, (repeat twice)
But it'll always carry one big, etc., etc. (CHORUS)

THE SHIP TITANIC

They built the ship Titanic and when they had it done
They said it was a ship that never would go down
But the Lord's almighty hand said that ship would never stand
And it was sad when that great ship went down

CHORUS:
It was sad, it was sad, it was sad when that great ship went down
(to the bottom)
All those husbands and wives
Little bittle children lost their lives
It was sad when that great ship went down.

T'was on a Tuesday morn, they were nearing England's shore
And the rich refused to associate with the poor
So they put the poor below where they were the first to go
It was sad, etc.

CHORUS

They swung the lifeboats out o'er the dark and stormy sea
And the band struck up with "Nearer my God to Thee"
Little children wept and cried as the waves swept o'er the side
It was sad, etc.

CHORUS

They were nearing England's shores and were heading for the dock
When the old ship Titanic began to reel and rock
Oh, the Captain tried to wire but the wire was on fire
It was sad, etc.

CHORUS

When the ship began to list then the lights began to flicker
And a drunk cried out, "My God, where is my likker"
So they brought out the bottle and they passed it all around
And it was sad, etc.

SHOW ME THE WAY TO GO HOME

Show me the way to go home, I'm tired and I want to go to bed
I had a little drink about an hour ago and it's gone right to my head
Wherever I may roam, on land or sea or foam
You will always hear me singing this song, show me the way to go home.

Indicate the way to my abode, I'm fatigued and I want to retire
I had a spot of beverage sixty minutes ago
And it went right to my cerebellum
Wherever I may perambulate, on land or sea or atmospheric vapor
You can always hear me crooning this melody
Indicate the way to my abode.

SHANTY TOWN

It's only a shanty in old shanty town
The roof is so slanty, it touches the ground,
Just a tumbled down shack, by an old railroad track
Like a millionaire's mansion, keeps calling me back
I'd give up my palace if I were a king
It's more than a palace, it's my everything
There's a queen waiting there, with a silvery hair
In a shanty in old shanty town.

There's a shanty in the town on a little plot of ground
Where the green grass grows all around, all around
The roof's so torn, so badly worn, it touches the ground
It's just a tumbled down shack and it's built way back
'Bout 25 feet from the railroad track
It lingers on my mind most all the time
Keeps calling me back to my little grass shack
I'd be just as sassy as Maille Sallassee
If I were a king, wouldn't mean a thing,
Roof's so tall, read the writin' on the wall
But it don't mean a thing, not a gosh darned thing
There's a queen waitin' there in a rockin' chair
Blowing her top on 'gaitor's beer
Lookin' all around and truckin' on down
Yes, I gotta get back to my shanty town.

LAST NIGHT

Last night I stayed up late to masturbate
It felt so good -- I knew it would
Last night I stayed up late to beat my meat,
It felt to nice -- I did it twice.

You really should see me on the short strokes;
It feels so grand, I use my hand.
You must really catch me on the long strokes;
It feels so neat, I use my feet.

Shake it, break it, beat it on the floor;
Smash it, bash it, thrust it through the door;
Some people seem to think that fucking's grand,
But for all around enjoyment I prefer to use my hand.

I DON'T WANT TO JOIN THE AIR FORCE

Monday night I kissed her on the ankle
Tuesday night I kissed her on the knee
Wednesday night with success
I lifted up her bloomin dress
Thursday night she pinched me on my blimey
Friday night I layed my hand upon it
Saturday night she gave me balls a twitch
But it was Sunday after supper
I rammed the old boy up her
Now I'm paying seven and six a week
OH BLIMEY

I DON'T WANT TO JOIN THE AIR FORCE
I DON'T WANT TO GO TO WAR
I JUST WANT TO HANG AROUND THE PICADILLY UNDERGROUND
LIVING OFF THE EARNING OF A HIGH BORN LADY
I DON'T WANT NO BAYONETS UP ME ARSE HOLE
I DON'T WANT ME BUTTOCKS SHOT AWAY
I JUST WANT TO LIVE IN ENGLAND, IN JOLLY, JOLLY ENGLAND
AND FORNICATE ME BLOOMIN LIFE AWAY

CALL OUT THE ARMY AND THE NAVY
CALL OUT THE RANK AND THE FILE
CALL OUT THE ROYAL TERRITORIALS,
THEY'LL FACE DANGER WITH A SMILE, O BLIMEY
THEY'LL SET ENGLAND FREE
YOU CAN CALL YOUR MOTHERS, YOUR SISTERS AND YOUR BROTHERS
BUT FOR CHRIST SAKES DON'T CALL ME.

OLD PUSAN YOU
(Sioux City Sue)

I drove a troop of soldiers down, down old Pusan way,
They were bang, bang, soldiers, from Chin Wae cross the bay,
I met a gal from old Chin Ju, she was a sight to view,
I asked her where she came from, and she said Old Pusan U.

CHORUS:
Oh Pusan U, Oh Pusan U, the school that's best in all the land,
The University that is grand,
Oh Pusan U, Oh Pusan U, I hail my Alma Mater,
To you, Old Pusan U.

I enrolled in that great city, founded by Nim Pac Su,
It was built with honey buckets, so they called it Pusan U
My girl was mad but I was glad, for fortune saw me through,
So now I raise my glass to, the school of Pusan U.

CHORUS:
Oh Pusan U, Oh Pusan U, your course is good for engineers
Rescue pilots and other queers,
Oh Pusan U, Oh Pusan U, I hail my alma Mater,
To you, old Pusan U.

We have an A-1 baseball team, we win our games straight through
They ask up where we come from, and we say Pusan U,
We have a pitcher who is tops, our batters are good too,
And everytime we come to bat, the crowd yells, "Pusan U."

CHORUS:
Oh Pusan U, Oh Pusan U, the school that's best in all the land,
The university that's grand,
Oh Pusan U, Oh Pusan U, I hail my alma Mater,
To you, old Pusan U.

SIXTEEN TIMES
(To the tune of "Sixteen Tons")

Some people say a man is made out of fear,
But a fighter pilot's made out of whiskey and beer ---
Whiskey and beer, rum and gin
If you fly the dot you're sure to spin in.

CHORUS:
You fly sixteen times, what d'you get,
Another day older and your weapon is bent.
Col. Mann, don't you call me, I'm weak and lame
I lost my ass in a poker game.

I awoke one morning when the sun didn't shine,
Got my 'chute and went down to the line --
Down to the line to fly the "D"
But it was raining so hard I couldn't see.

I scrambled one morning with blood in my eye,
I'd had my fill of Overholt Rye --
Shot sixteen holes in a T-33
They're going to hang my ass from a coconut tree.

When you see me comin' better break to the right
'Cause the 41st Fighter had a party last night --
My eyeballs are red an' I'm mean as a bear,
Believe me SAMAP better clear the air.

HORSE SHIT

There was a pilot of great renown,
There was a pilot of great renown,
There was a pilot of great renown,
Until he fucked a girl from our town --
Fucked a girl from our town --
Ha ha ha, ho ho ho, HORSE SHIT.

He laid her down beside a stump,
He laid her down beside a stump,
He laid her down beside a stump,
And-Then-He missed her cunt and split the stump,
Ha ha ha, ho ho ho, HORSE SHIT.

He laid her in a feather bed,
He laid her in a feather bed,
He laid her in a feather bed,
And-Then-He twisted out her maidenhead,
Twisted out her maidenhead --
Ha ha ha, ho ho ho, HORSE SHIT.

He laid her on a winding stair,
He laid her on a winding stair,
He laid her on a winding stair,
And-Then-He shoved it in clear up to there,
Shoved it in clear up to there --
Ha ha ha, ho ho ho, HORSE SHIT.

He laid her down beside a pond,
He laid her down beside a pond,
He laid her down beside a pond,
And-Then-He fucked her with his magic wand,
Fucked her with his magic wand --
Ha ha ha, ho ho ho, HORSE SHIT.

MACH RIDERS IN THE SKY
(Ghost Riders in the Sky)

An '86 got airborne on a dark and windy day;
And as he raised his landing gear, you could hear the pilot pray,
"Keep all those buckets in the wheel and I'll be safe and sound,
Don't let that fire go out, Dear Lord, 'til I am on the ground.

Yippi-i-o, yippi-i-a-a-a,
Mach riders in the sky.

Those flyin' fiends are here to stay, it's said they're very mean,
And all knew we've been famous since 1917,
'Though we may work on holidays, and weekends just the same,
Those pukin' pups make history -- Oh! Bless that famous name.

As our '86's leave the ground, their tails are spouting flame,
The pilots they all go through HELL, but fly 'em just the same;
The crew chiefs work their asses off to keep 'em flyin' high,
And watch with satisfaction as their plane goes screaming by.

Day and night our pilots fight to live up to their name,
Other pilots come and go, but ours fly on to fame --
They're going to fly forever in that range up there on high,
They cuss and cry, "Live or die;" MACH RIDERS IN THE SKY.

TIPTANKS AND TAILPIPES

Bless 'em all - Bless 'em all
Bless tiptanks and tailpipes and all --
Bless old man Lockheed for building this jet
But I know a guy who is cussing him yet
'Cause he tried to go over the wall
With tiptanks and tailpipes and all,
The needles did cross and wings did come off
With tiptanks and tailpipes and all.

Through the wall - Through the wall
That bloody invisible wall
That transonic journey is nothing but rough
As bad as a ride on the local base bus
So I'm staying away from the wall
Subsonic for me and that's all
If you're hot you might make it
But you'll probably break it --
Your butt or your neck, not the wall.

"ZOOT SUITS, PARACHUTES"

Once there was a barmaid down in Drury Lane
Her master was so kind to her; her mistress was the same
Along came a pilot as happy as could be;
He was the cause of all her misery.

CHORUS:
Singing Zoot suits, parachutes, wings of silver too
He'll fly a fighter like his daddy used to do.

He asked for a candle to light his way to bed
He asked her for a kerchief to lay beneath his head
And she, being a foolish maiden, thinking it no harm
Crawled into the pilot's bed to keep the bastard warm.

CHORUS:

Now early in the morning before the break of day
He handed her a five-pound note, and this to her did say
"Now you may have a daughter - you may have a son
But if you are a smart girl, you won't have either one."

CHORUS:

The moral of this story as you can plainly see
Is never trust a pilot an inch above your knee
She didn't have a daughter, she didn't have a son
All she had was a five-pound note and a hell of a lot of fun

CHORUS:

"GOING HOME"
(Out on the Texas Plains)

I'm gonna head my ship into the wide blue sea
With my nose into the West
I'm gonna find a gal that was made for me
I'm gonna give her all my best

I'm gonna head my ship toward that old West Coast
Round Long Beach and L.A.
And when we all get home we will drink a toast
To those long forgotten days.

I'm gonna fly all day
I'm gonna fly all night
Toward that setting sun
And when that good old coast line looms into sight
My work has just begun.

I'm gonna find a gal that just don't give a darn
I'm gonna love her night and day
And if she says no no I'm gonna twist her arm
Cause I'm gonna get my way.

I'm gonna drink myself into a total wreck
I'm gonna love until I die
I got a pilot's mind and a flyer's rep
I couldn't be good if I tried.

So won't you just relax
For there is one more verse of the things I'm gonna do
I know that times are bad, but they could be worse
So here's my parting word to you.

I'll ne'er forget this war until the day I die
Cause it's changed my life's flight plan
And when my days are o'er and my time draws nigh
I'm gonna die drunk if I can...

PI PHI GIRLS

We are the Pi Phis, happy are we
Happy go lucky, Bare ass and free
We like to share our virginity
We are the Pi Phi girls

And every night at seven o'clock
We watch the watchman piss off the dock, God damn it,
We like the way he handles his cock
We are the Pi Phi girls

And every month when our time is due
We save the rags for you boys to chew
We like to save the flavor for you
We are the Pi Phi girls.

TOAST TO A FIGHTER PILOT

A fighter pilot is a lonely man
He lives alone and flies alone and dies alone
And when he drinks, he drinks a toast to himself
And this is the way it goes:

"Here's to me in my sober mood
As I ponder, sit and think
And here's to me in my drunken mood
As I ramble, screw and drink
And when at last it's all gone by
And from this world I pass
I want them to bury me upside down
SO THE WHOLE WORLD CAN KISS MY ASS"!